

THE LINK

The Church of the Good Shepherd

Anglican Parish of Plympton

Diocese of Adelaide - South Australia

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A WORD FROM OUR PARISH PRIEST, FATHER MICHAEL LANE



Dear Good Shepherd Parishioners

One of the strong themes that has emerged for me during the last year, especially in our *Lenten Bible Study* reflections is how fortunate I am/we are. Many of us have had a life experience of being nurtured by religious and spiritual thinking about ourselves and our world. What a wonderful inspirational and confidence-forming foundation and fortress this is in our lives, especially in times when we are troubled, challenged, worried or sad. It is almost impossible for us to

imagine what an absence of this would be like for someone who doesn't have faith, or who believes there is no faith or spiritual dimensions in their personal world. For this gift of faith, I give thanks to family and friends who have nurtured our faith community.

Despite last year being a time of personal as well as global health concerns, I am sure there will be a time when all of us will be able to sit and reflect without thinking of Covid 19 and its devastating impact on so many overseas countries. With gratitude and relief, we give thanks for how fortunate we are in Australia, especially in our state and local community. We have all been affected in different ways, and it will be a while yet before it is not in the forefront of our minds. The year 2020 has changed us forever. It is clear from my time in Canberra, country NSW and Victoria that concerns and fears about Covid are still raw and very real.



Easter 2020 during Covid



Astrid and Michael (caught in mid-blink) in Canberra in March

Today, I am in rainy Beechworth. I drove from Adelaide to Canberra for the first time, to visit Astrid who moved there in early February to begin a new job. She began this position working remotely from Adelaide, which worked well, but she is loving being part of the team in Canberra. Brian Schofield suggested that I should ignore comments that this trip can be a boring and tedious drive. He assured me that I would enjoy the unique landscape, which is not to be found in any other place. And I am glad he told me that because he was right. The drive was long, restful, and enjoyable and reminded me of the South Australian and coastal centric view that I have of our nation. Most of this holiday

has been in the iconic mountains and rivers of south eastern Australia and it has been glorious. How lucky I am to have the time, a nice car to drive and to be able to stay in comfortable places.

I thoroughly enjoyed my time with Astrid in her new Canberra CBD apartment. Even though she was busy with her job, we fitted in several lunches and enjoyed evenings with family and friends. I also did some work in her beautiful courtyard garden that has a weeping crab apple tree peeking over its walls, where I planted herbs given to her by a work colleague who is a keen gardener. A worm farm is also in the pipeline.

As my leave comes to an end, I look forward and feel privileged to be celebrating *Palm Sunday, Holy Week, Good Friday, and Easter* with you all. Thank you, good people of the *Good Shepherd*.

Deep Peace,
Michael.

WARDENS' REPORT

The annual wardens' report was presented in Vestry Report at the Annual Vestry Meeting held on Sunday, 28th February. The following reflects the happenings of the past year.

The past year has been like no other as COVID descended (or did it ascend?) and changed the life of the church. We learnt that we needed to be guided by the Diocese and the Health Department to ensure that we would all be safe. Our thanks go to Marilyn and Trevor Owen our COVID marshals, who stepped up to undertake this role, which they have done very well from the time COVID was announced. This job included undertaking training, and keeping up to date with policies and regulations, whilst also welcoming everyone with a kind word and smile once we could return to church. The pandemic has created a change in the way we do things, and this will remain so for some time. By the time you read this some of you may have already had the first dose of the vaccine. We are all eligible and so we need to be immunised and it is hoped that all will 'roll up their sleeve'. We have already shown our resilience and we are sure that will continue.



Parish Council did not meet for most of the year. The wardens, treasurer, Father Michael and Fran Kerwin (buildings and grounds) ensured that the church was still functioning, paying its accounts and providing support for parishioners. Father Michael is to be congratulated for his amazing online presence during this time, live streaming morning and evening services from the church whilst in isolation. We were also kept up to date, through the *Facebook* page, with sermons from the Cathedral, and other streaming services. This is the time to also thank Brian Schofield for his management of our *Facebook* page, and Roger Pryor for his management of the website. Social media is necessary for us to communicate with the public.

It is with sadness and the need to move forward that *Just4Us* and *Fellowship* groups are no longer active. It is nearly 12 months since *Fellowship* ceased. Reflecting back over the years, it is clear that there has been some remarkable work carried out within this parish. *Fellowship* has worked very successfully to support the parish priest and to raise money for projects within, and outside of the parish. Marilyn Owen has been president and Joan Middleton, secretary for fifteen years. During that time, *Fellowship* has given at least \$3,000 each year to church-based charities. Over time, fellowship supported Isabelle Rice in her mission work in Bangladesh, and Andy and Jenny Bennett during the time they served as missionaries in Tanzania.

Fellowship had wonderful programs each year, and some memorable times catering for fellowship lunches and parish dinners, progressive dinners and end-of-year parties. They also held trading tables and fetes to help with fundraising. It has been many years since we have had a fete! Our thanks to the fellowship group for what they have done over time.

Fellowship catered for pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, and as usual there were many pancakes with berries and cream consumed. *The World Day of Prayer* in March was a great success and ensured that visitors were well cared for.

The craft group has been 'in limbo' in 2020. However, they are now back and meeting regularly, and they even have a new member, Christine, who has brought her knowledge of card making to the group. The craft group also donated \$300 to *The Fred Hollows Foundation* and \$300 to the *Heart Foundation*. These donations were proceeds from the can and bottle collection. It is amazing what a few bottles and cans can do! Please keep your donations coming, and Dennis Smith will be more than happy to deal with them on behalf of the craft group.

At the Vestry Meeting on the 28th February 2021 one new councillor was appointed, Claire Fok and it is great to have Claire on the Council. The 2021 Council comprises Father Michael Lane (Chair), Dr Pauline Glover (Secretary and Priest's Warden), Marilyn Owen (People's Warden), Harold Bates-Brownsword (Treasurer), and Councillors Mary Clasohm, Claire Fok, Vanessa Linke, Rosemary Miller, Rob Haese, Julia Mosong and Fran Kerwin.

Pauline Glover and Marilyn Owen

World day of Prayer Service 2021 VANUATU

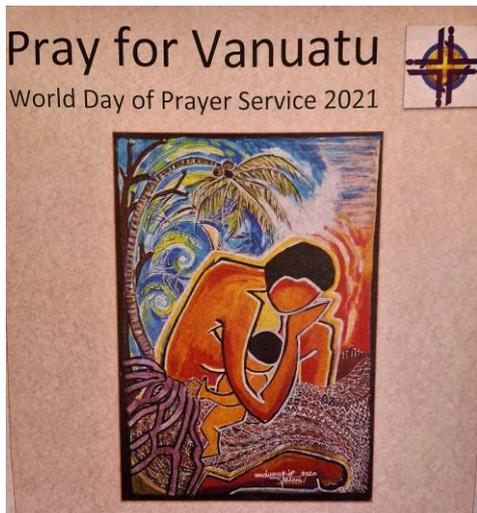


Flag of Vanuatu

a wonderful job as guest speaker. The **singing** was especially joyful at this service – perhaps it had something to do with the choice of hymns (*We have a gospel to proclaim* TiS 245), *To God be the Glory* (TiS 147), *I will sing the wondrous story* (TiS 233), finishing with the traditional *World Day of Prayer Service* hymn *The day you gave us, Lord, has ended* (TiS 458) – Whatever the reason, people sang joyfully and wholeheartedly, and the atmosphere was electric.

Vanuatu, which is an extremely poor country, lies in the South Pacific Ocean and comprises over 80 islands of volcanic origin, stretching for 800 kms but its land mass is only one fifth the size of Tasmania. The largest of the 14 main islands is called Espiritu Santo (*Holy Spirit*) and 93% of the population is Christian. The capital city, Port Vila, lies on the island of Efate. Nearly half of Vanuatu's gross domestic product comes from tourism and it is a popular destination for Scuba divers who love exploring its coral reefs, underwater caverns and old wrecks.

As the people of Vanuatu depend on their gardens and any fish they catch to provide food for their families, they are quite vulnerable to the regular cyclones, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which occur each year, often bringing widespread destruction in their wake.



Cyclone Pam which struck Vanuatu on 13-14th of March 2015, with its 257 kms per hour winds, was one of the worst Pacific Ocean storms in history. Out of a total population of 270,000, something like 188,000 people were affected. Ninety-five per cent of crops in affected areas were wiped out, food stocks and water sources damaged or destroyed, and 70% of health facilities and half the schools similarly affected. Astonishingly, loss of life was limited to 11 deaths. This was attributed to Vanuatu's well established early warning system for such events, when text and media messages allow people to evacuate, as well as to assist neighbours to reach designated shelters stocked with relief goods.

The beautiful painting on the front of this year's service-booklet was done by Vanuatu's most famous contemporary artist, Juliette Pita, as a tribute to the people who died in *Cyclone Pam*. A mother wearing a grass skirt, praying and bending protectively over her child. Behind her, a palm tree also bending and offering protection with its flexibility and strong roots. The people of Vanuatu call it "*the tree of life*". If you

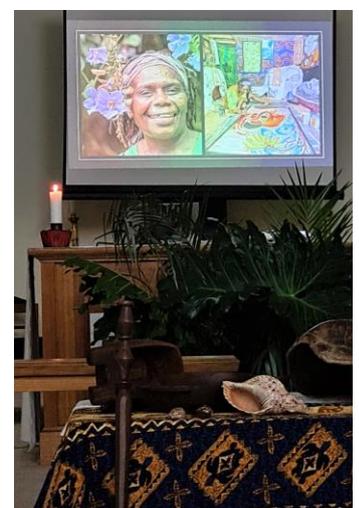
look closely, half-way up the right-hand side of the picture you can see little crosses on the horizon which represent the people who died in the cyclone.



'Voices of Vanuatu' readers

During the service, representatives from the parishes of *Ascot Community Uniting Church*, *South Point Church of Christ*, and Claire Fok from CHOGS, spoke as *Voices from Vanuatu* – allowing women and girls from Vanuatu to tell their stories, many of them harrowing as they described impoverished situations without access to education, family support or even food and secure accommodation. What shines through in these women's stories is their faith, determination and belief that God has a plan for their lives, no matter how difficult their circumstances.

The funds collected at *World Day of Prayer* services each year go to the country of the year, for their special projects. This year, the *Bible Society of the South Pacific*, in partnership with *WDP* seeks to advocate and empower women who are victims of domestic



Artist Juliette Pita painted the service booklet cover

violence, providing workshops, healing sessions, scripture and trauma healing booklets. They "will use handbooks and teaching aids developed by the Vanuatu government to run this program, to add a literacy dimension to the program, as studies show that education is an important intervention in reducing violence against women." In a second project, the Uniting Church (*Uniting World*) will work with the *Presbyterian Church* in Vanuatu to support and rebuild communities most affected by *Tropical Cyclone Harold*, a category 5 cyclone which occurred in 2020.

Sonya Paterson's lively and informative address connected well with her audience, who responded with equal enthusiasm.

Sonya reminded us that she was "a missionary kid" who had spent the first three years of her life in Vanuatu with her family.

She became quite proficient in *Bislama* (English based Creole), one of the three languages spoken in Vanuatu (the other two are English and French) and found she could remember quite a few words when she visited Vanuatu in 2013. You can see some examples of *Bislama* on the right.

Sonya's recordings of women's songs from Vanuatu, and her other photos gave us a picture of island life, including bungee jumping (also called land diving) where men with jungle vines wrapped around the ankles, leap from 30 metre wooden towers. Sonya said sometimes you can hear the diver's shoulders scrape on the ground(!)



Sonya also explained the significance of colours and designs on Vanuatu's vividly coloured flag. The yellow Y-shape indicates the layout of the many islands forming Vanuatu; yellow for peace and the light of Christianity spreading through the islands. The red stripe is the blood that binds the human race. The green is lush vegetation. The black triangle is the rich volcanic soil of the islands and the rounded pig's tusk in the centre is a sign of wealth. The crossed cycad fronds encircled by the tusk are a sign of peace.

After the service, visitors were treated to an excellent supper in the hall. Over \$600 was raised on the night and will go towards projects mentioned above. Next year's *World Day of Prayer* is to be written by the women of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, and will be hosted by *Ascot Community Uniting Church* at Ascot Park.



Note: Most of the colourful dresses and other items from Vanuatu which provided a perfect setting for the WDP Service came from the collection of Margaret McCormack, who worked as a nurse in Vanuatu (then the New Hebrides) for 3.5yrs from 1975 till 1978 on the island of Tonga, and then following a year of study in 1979, a further 6 months on the island of Epi. She was initially employed as a volunteer with *Australian Volunteers Abroad* and later by the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand, who had established Missionary services in many parts of Vanuatu. Both islands had well established hospitals and out-patient clinics staffed by local nurses who, on completion of their primary schooling, completed two years of nursing training. Margaret remembers these years as the highlight of her nursing career working with local staff to provide a comprehensive medical service with limited resources to a happy, warm and generous community. Following the example of the nurses, Margaret, the 'Anglican Australian', became adept at conducting daily Presbyterian services for hospital patients. The many items on display at the *World Day of Prayer* were gifts when leaving Vanuatu, and Margaret was fascinated to hear Sonya describe the turtle shell as a symbol of womanhood and delighted to hear her update on this community that holds so many special memories for her.

WELCOME TO OUR PARISH, John and Christine THORNE

Relatively recent arrivals at CHOGS, Chris and John Thorne have so quickly become a part of the scene that it's hard to remember that they've not always been with us. Their last church was *St Hilary's Anglican Church* at Morphett Vale where they were both active participants in parish life. John served on Parish Council and was People's Warden for three years, and Chris was secretary of the Ladies Guild, ran the Craft Group and worked in the op shop. The church has a similar demographic to our own, with most recent arrivals tending to be "new old people" (!)

Before their return to town in 1993, John and Chris had been living in Port Augusta for some time, and initially attended *St Francis of Assisi Anglican Church* in Christies Beach for a couple of years before transferring to *St Hilary's*. At the time, Chris was called up for jury duty, and was involved in three cases, which she found a most interesting experience. It was during this "break" that they made the decision to change parishes to *St Hilary's*, which they have happily attended for the past 35 years.



Chris, aged 16, performing with the YAPS theatre group,

Chris and John met in 1961, as members of the YAPS (*Young Anglican Players*) Theatre group which used to meet at *St Mary Magdalene's Anglican Church* in the city. Chris was 16 and John 18. The group performed little religious skits and plays at churches, mostly in the metropolitan area, but occasionally in regional towns like Whyalla. At that time, Chris was involved with *St Margaret's Youth Group*



Chris and John married in June 1962. Chris was 17 and John 20.

in Woodville, and John played baseball for West Torrens. Chris and John were married at *St Bede's Church*, Semaphore in June 1962 when Chris was 17 years old, and John 20. Father Malcolm Lindsay, the priest from *St Mary Magdalene's* officiated, and their first home was in Doreen Street, St Mary's. In due course, Chris and John had four children, Marianne, David (tragically lost to cot death at four and a half months old), Julie, and Scott.

Over the years, Chris and John have travelled widely within South Australia during John's service with the *South Australian Police*. Postings have included Mt Gambier, Ceduna and Port Augusta. Before motherhood intervened and she stayed home to raise their growing family, Chris worked on the switchboard at *Dalgety's Wool Store* in Port Adelaide, and as a medical receptionist. However, as they moved around with John's job, and the children grew older, Chris also took up work occasionally, and during their time in Port Augusta worked in the local supermarket where she was named "*Checkout Chick of the Month*". Their time in Port Augusta brought them in regular touch with the town's celebrated Mayor, Joy Baluch, who served in the position for 29 years. Known for her forthrightness and colourful language, Joy ran many successful campaigns for reform in Port Augusta and was much admired. John and Chris knew Joy separately, not as a couple, and Chris remembers Joy coming through the checkout at the supermarket one day, as John popped in to tell Chris (at short notice) that he was about to go away for several days. Joy looked first at John, then at Chris, and said: "*Do you know him?*" Chris said: "*Yes, I'm married to him*". Joy looked back at Chris: "*You poor little.....*" she exclaimed(!). During their time in Port Augusta, John and Chris took side trips to opal mining towns like Andamooka, Coober Pedy and Mintabie. The remoteness and austere nature of some of these places at that time, could be rather confronting but Chris said that she quite enjoyed noodling (or fossicking) for small pieces of opal left behind by miners.

Whilst in Port Augusta, Chris joined the Committee of *The Royal Flying Doctor Service*, and became involved in fundraising ventures, and organising the annual race days at Glendambo a little town of 30 or so people which lies about 200 km north of Port Augusta. Chris can vividly recall race days when the dust was so thick, nobody could see the horses(!)

When it was first suggested to John that he improve his opportunity for promotion by taking up a country post in Ceduna, he was reluctant, thinking that Chris would find conditions there too bleak, but with her encouragement he applied for a position, was successful, and they spent four years there. That said, Chris' first experience of their new home was not reassuring. The gaol was attached to the police station and as they approached the house, an aboriginal lady wrapped in an orange blanket was sitting on the verandah. "*Who's that?*" Chris asked. "*That's your gardener said John, prisoners do that job here.*" Despite first impressions, Chris and John loved their time in Ceduna, making lifelong friends, and forming strong relationships with the local indigenous people. In fact, John said, whilst drink related problems occurred with both aboriginal and white people, sometimes the worst offenders were some of the local fishermen who got very drunk and started throwing punches in the pub. "*They were big boys*" John said,

"and it could be difficult restraining them". When John took up the post at Ceduna, their youngest child, Scott aged 13, went with them. Chris remembers Scott arriving home one day covered in dirt and blood and looking a real sight. She discovered that he had been out with the local butcher "killing sheep"(!) Scott grew up fast in Ceduna, she said, made firm friends with two aboriginal boys, and it was a positive experience for him.

John described the vast distances his postings at Ceduna and Pt Augusta involved (some 71% of the state) and the need to be away from home for lengthy periods. When he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant at Ceduna, he was in charge of Patrol Officers with responsibilities ranging as far as the Western Australian border, including two remote indigenous communities. In all, there were seventeen police personnel at Ceduna - two detectives, and the rest in uniform.

John has had a very full working life. During his first job with *HC Sleigh (Golden Fleece) Maintenance Dept* as a clerk, he became a member of the *CMF (Citizen Military Forces)* attached to 7 Supply Platoon. When he left *Golden Fleece*, he began full-time duty with 89 Transport Platoon (Motor Ambulance) at Hampstead Barracks for four months, where he underwent a ten-day Infantry Training Course (tactics and weaponry). After that, he became a bus driver for *Coles Bus Services* at Colonel Light Gardens, driving up and down Winston Avenue and getting to know all the regulars. He enjoyed the job, but after six months felt he needed more, and applied to join the *South Australia Police*.

John was 22 years old when he joined *SA Police* in 1964. After serving on patrol duty, he hoped to avoid the Transport Section, but his previous experience in the Army made this a natural choice as far as John's boss was concerned, and he ended up driving all the heavy vehicles, as well as driving VIPs around. Eventually he moved to the Traffic Section as a Motor-Cycle Constable, then into the Accident Investigation Branch where his duties included fatal and major accident investigation, as well as road accident rescue.

During the above period, John continued his membership of the *CMF* where he was attached to the Provost Corps (Army Police) and achieved the rank of Corporal. He was also a member of the *Emergency Operations Group* of *SA Police* where he became involved in Cliff Rescue and Search and Rescue. In 1978, as a Senior Constable, First Grade, John became an instructor in the original Special Tasks and Rescue division of *SAPOL*.



John in his National Serviceman's Assoc uniform at an Annual Remembrance Service at the National War Memorial

However, in 1985, at the age of 43, the stress of attending fatal accidents, especially involving young children, finally took its toll on John and he moved from *SAPOL* to the *State Emergency Service* as a Regional Officer. Before his retirement from the *SES*, John was Commander of Volunteers during such operations as the 1989 floods in far north SA and the Northern Territory, numerous search and rescue operations and other emergencies, and he also became involved in leadership and training programs within the organisation.

John and Chris have also been quite involved with the *National Servicemen's Association of Australia (SA Branch)* for many years. This Association supports young men (often called "*nashos*") who were called up for National Service between 1950 - 61 and required to serve two years in the regular Army. The soldiers who went to Vietnam were a separate group, but John said the Association is working hard to bring the two groups together, especially as many of the original "*nashos*" are now in their 80s. John was State President of the SA branch for seven years and served three years as Vice President before his recent resignation. During their time with the Association, Chris produced the *NSAA* magazine, a 16-page, glossy publication which came out every three months with a distribution of 1500. These days, as numbers dwindle, circulation is down to 400.



John receiving National Police Service Medal

Over his long and eventful career, John has received several medals, including the *Emergency Services Medal*, *Australian National Medal*, *20-year Service Medal SA Police*, *National Police Service Medal* (a special service award which recognises unique and significant service in Australian policing) and *Australian Defence Medal*.



John receiving his ESS Medal from Gov Sir Eric Neal for the Queens Birthday Honours List 2001

Whilst all of the above was taking place, Chris, at the age of 37, discovered that she was adopted. She was keen to find her birth mother but chose not to pursue the matter until her adoptive parents had passed for fear of distressing them. When she did eventually find out where her mother was, Chris phoned her, requesting a meeting. However, her mother was anxious about the impact Chris' arrival would have on her husband and three sons so asked Chris not to visit her - although she did say that she would be prepared to meet Chris after her husband died. In time, following her stepfather's death, Chris sent her mother a card and they met secretly for about ten months.

These visits to the house, looking at all the family photographs on the wall, finally got too much for Chris, and she decided to write an anonymous letter to one of her three stepbrothers, informing them that they had a younger sister.



Chris reunited with her mum and three brothers

The three men confronted their mother, who had little option but to accept the situation. Fortunately for all concerned, being reunited had a happy outcome and the siblings are close and continue to see each other when they can. The stepbrothers were dairy and sheep farmers sharing the large family farm at Echunga, and John couldn't get over the fact that he'd passed the property on numerous occasions, driving his heavy vehicles, with no clue that his wife's family lived there(!).

Chris met her birth mother when she was aged 83, so knew her for seven years before she died at the age of 90. She learned that her mother had met her father during the war, when she was an army nurse, and when she told him she was pregnant, he informed her that he already had a wife. Her father turned out to be a rather elusive character and somewhat economical with the truth. He worked as a travelling salesman and died in Port Lincoln. In the course of these enquiries, Chris discovered that she had another half sister and brother who live in New South Wales. She is in regular contact with them and speaks to her half-sister Carol most weeks.

Whilst we were chatting, it came up that John was always known as "*Prickle*" - I was a bit slow on the uptake and asked why - and the answer of course was his surname *Thorne*. John inherited this from his grandfather, who always went by the nickname. Chris told me that one day when they were at a Police picnic in Adelaide, someone came up and addressed her as "*Mrs Prickle*" (!)

Happily settled into their new unit, Chris and John are planning a somewhat less hectic lifestyle these days. They enjoy keeping in regular touch with the many good friends they made during their time in regional South Australia and spending more time with their three great grandchildren.



John and Chris with their 3 children, Marianne, Julie and Scott



With great-grandchildren, Hunter, Jacob and Leo

Chris Bates-Brownsword

Father Tony Tamblyn

On the 13th of March this year, we received the sad news that Father Tony Tamblyn had died following an illness of some months. Tony was one of several priests *who "looked after" the Church of the Good Shepherd* during the period prior to Father Michael Lane's appointment in October 2018. And *look after us* Tony did very well during the seven months he was at *The Church of the Good Shepherd*, arriving in February 2018 and departing the following September.

I recall that in the first two weeks Tony arrived (which was at the beginning of *Lent*) both the *Vestry Meeting* and *Parish Consultation* occurred. Tony took all this in his stride, as well as making a particular point, soon after he started, of visiting every parishioner in their own home.

Tony's sermons were always good value, and he enjoyed reading to the children of the parish, perhaps having ten grandchildren helped (!). I recall an occasion in February 2018 when Tony told one of his amusing little stories, which we included in *The LINK*, and which is repeated below.

6th SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY TRANSFIGURATION



At the 6th Sunday after Epiphany service on 11 February 2018, locum priest Fr Tony Tamblyn read the children a story. During the sermon, he also related a tale about a little boy who was towing his toy wagon along the footpath when one of the wheels fell off, and the boy said: "I'll be damned!". The local priest who was walking by said: "Son, it's not nice to hear that – say 'Praise the Lord' instead, and all will be well." The little boy got the wheel back on the wagon and continued on his way. About ten metres further along the street, it fell off again. The boy exclaimed: "Praise the Lord", whereupon the wheel jumped back up on the wagon. "Well, I'll be damned!" said the priest, who was following behind.

A reminder that whilst we believe in God's power, we don't always expect it to happen.

Tony passed away peacefully at home, with his family by his side. Our thoughts are with his wife Julie, children James, Kate and Peter, and their partners.



WOW(!)

I heard this exclamation recently when I was in the Spiritual Garden at *CHOGS* following the 10 o'clock service on 7th February. A lady and two children had just walked out the back door of the hall, and I turned around to see a little boy, stopped in his tracks, staring in open mouthed amazement at his first sight of the garden. After that I reckon nobody can say our garden doesn't have the WOW factor(!)

The little boy's name is Riley, and he is four years old. He was with his grandmother Anna, and younger brother Jake. They are friends of Carol Fort and Father Michael and were taking a stroll in the garden after attending the 10.00 am service.

Chris Bates-Brownsword



Emma with Riley and Jake